12.

A

Lenten Prologue

Refus'd by the honest [redacted]

PLAYERS.

OUR Prologue-Wit grows flat: the Nap's worn off;
And howſoe're We turn, and trim the Stuff,
The Gloſs is gone, that look'd at firſt ſo gaudy;
'Tis now no Jeſt to hear young Girls talk Baudy.
But Plots, and Parties give new matter birth;
And State Diſtractions ſerve you here for mirth!
At *England's* coſt Poets now purchaſe Fame
While factious Heats deſtroy us, without Shame
Theſe wanton Neroes fiddle to the Flame.
The Stage, like old Rump-Pulpits, is become
The Scene of News, a furious Party's Drum.
Here Poets beat their brains for Volunteers,
And take faſt hold of Aſſes by their Ears.
Their jingling Rhime for Reaſon here you ſwallow;
Like *Orpheus* Muſick it makes Beaſts to follow.
What an enlightning Grace is want of Bread?
How it can change a Libeller's Heart, and clear a *Laureats* Head!
Open his eyes till the mad Prophet ſee
Plots working in a future power to be
Traitors unform'd to his *Second Sight* are clear;
And Squadrons here, and Squadrons there appear;
Rebellion is the *Burden* of the *Seer.*
To Bayes in Viſion were of late reveal'd
Whigg-*Armies, that at Knights-bridge lay conceal'd.*
And though no mortal eye could ſee't before
The Battaile was juſt entring at the Door!
A dangerous *Aſſociation* —— ſign'd by None!
The Joyner's Plot to ſeize the King alone!
Stephen with *College* made this Dire compact;
The watchful *Iriſh* took 'em in the Fact——
Of riding arm'd! Oh Traiterous *Overt* Act!
With each of 'em an ancient Piſtol ſided;
Againſt the Statute in that Caſe provided.
But why was ſuch an Hoſt of Swearers preſt?
Their ſuccour was ill Husbandry at beſt.
Bayes's crown'd Muſe, by Sovereign Right of Satyre,
Without deſert, can dubb a man a Traitor.
And Toryes, without troubling Law, or Reaſon,
By loyal Inſtinct can find Plots and Treaſon.
But here's our Comfort, though they never ſcan
The merits of the Cauſe, but of the Man,
Our gracious Stateſmen vow not to forſake
Law —— that is made by Judges whom they Make.

(Rehearſal Com. p. 31.
(Rehearſally Comedy p. 52
Medal P. 14

Be-

Behind the Curtain, by Court-Wires, with eaſe
They turn thoſe Plyant Puppets as they pleaſe.
With frequent Parliaments our hopes they feed,
Such ſhall be ſure to meet——but when there's Need.
When a ſick State, and ſinking Church call for 'em,
Then 'tis our Tories moſt of all abhor 'em.
Then Pray'r, that Chriſtian Weapon of defence,
Gratefull to Heaven, at Court is an Offence,
If it dare ſpeak th' untamper'd Nations ſence.
Nay Paper's Tumult, when our Senates ceaſe;
And ſome Men's Names alone can break the Peace.
Petitioning diſturbs the Kingdom's Quiet;
As chooſing honeſt Sheriffs makes a Ryott.
To puniſh Raſcals, and bring *France* to Reaſon,
Is to be hot, and preſs things out of Seaſon;
And to damn Popery is *Iriſh* Treaſon.
To love the King, and Knaves about him hate,
Is a Fanatick Plot againſt the State.
To Skreen his Perſon from a Popiſh Gun
Has all the miſchief in't of *Forty One.*
To ſave our Faith and keep our Freedom's Charter,
Is once again to make a Royal Martyr.
This Logick is of Tories deep inditing
The very beſt they have —— but Oaths, and Fighting.
Let 'em then chime it on, if 'twill oblige yee,
And *Roger* vapour o're us in *Effigie.*
Let 'em in Ballads give their folly Vent,
And ſing up Nonſence to their Hearts content.
If for the King (as All's pretended) they
May here drink Healths, and curſe, ſure We may pray.
Heaven once more keep him then for *Healing Ends*
Safe from old Foes —— but moſt from his new Friends!
Such Proteſtants as propp a *Popiſh* Cauſe,
And loyal men, that break all Bound of Laws!
Whoſe Pride is with his Servants Salaries fed,
And when they 've ſcarce left him a Cruſt of Bread,
Their corrupt Fathers foreigne Steps to follow,
Cheat even of ſcraps, and that laſt Sopp would ſwallow.
French Fetters may this Iſle no more endure;
Spite of *Rome's* Arts ſtand *England's* Church ſecure,
Not from ſuch Brothers as deſire to mend it,
But falſe Sons, who deſigning worſe to rend it
With leud *Lives*, and no *Fortunes* would defend it.

Shall: or Sett: } themſelves would be aſhamd of this.

F I N I S.

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